

The Country G I R L's Policy :

Or, The Cockney Outwitted.

To a pleasant New Tune.



ALL you that are to mirth inclin'd,
Come tarry here a little while;
Pray read it once, and I do not fear
But soon it will make you smile.
The Londoners call us country fools,
And laugh at us every day;
But I'll let them see before I have done,
We know as good as they.

A jolly young girl in Hertfordshire,
Who had lately learn'd to dance,
In less than the space of one whole year,
She lit of a child by chance.
Being very poor, this cunning whore,
Upon a certain day,
Resolved was she the city to see;
So to London she took her way.
With an old straw hat, and her tail pin'd up,
Edg'd with dirt instead of fringe,

Not long ago this cunning slut
She came to the Royal-Exchange.
With the child in a basket under her arm,
Close cover'd, as it is said,
With a clean white cloth, and at each end
Hung out a goose's head.

She saw two stock-jobbers standing by,
She then unto one did say,
Gaffer, what stately church is this?
Come tell me now, I pray.
The other to her smiling said,
How like a fool you talk!
This is no church, it is the 'change,
Where all the merchants walk.

Is this the 'change, good sir, she said?
A glorious place it be;
A finer place in all my life
I never before did see.

I'll warrant you there's fine chambers in't,
as you and I do live;
Now if you'll let me go and see,
a penny to you I will give.

The one said, Your basket I will hold,
and tarry here below:
Whilst my consort goes up with you,
the chambers for to shew:
She answered, I am afraid,
that when I do come down,
You will be gone, and I would not lose
my basket for a crown.

I am not such a man, he said,
and that I'd have you know;
She gave it him, and with her guide,
she up the stairs did go:
She view'd the pictures very fine,
and did them much admire;
He soon dropt her; she down stairs run,
and after him did enquire.

She runs up to a merchant,
Good honest man, said she,
Did not you see a thick tall man,
that had two geese of me?
Alas! said he, poor Country Girl,
our Cockneys are too quick;
Go home, and tell your country girls
of this fine London rick.

She stamp'd and cry'd, Thus to be vit,
wou'd make a body swear,
Never to come to the Royal-Exchange,
any more to sell her ware;
For, by a couple of cheating knaves,
alas! I am undone.
She gave a stamp, and laugh'd aloud,
and then away she ran.

PART II.

But now we will to the Jobbers turn,
who thought they had got a prize;
They stept into an alehouse,
and sent for both their wives.

They told to them the story,
with hearts both merry and light;
Said they, we'll have a frolick on't,
and roast them both at night.

The women cry'd, No, one at a time,
and the farther they will go;
The other we'll have at another house,
and order the matter so.
Thus they began to jangle,
and got on either side;
But all this while the basket stood
without ever a knot untied.

Then opening of the basket,
as I the truth unfold,
There did they find a curious boy,
just about five weeks old.
The women flew in a damnable rage,
oh! how they did scold and curse;
In stead of a cook, ye rogues, said they,
ye must run and call a nurse.

The one said, This is your bastard, firrah,
you have had by some common whore:
If these be your geese, ye rogues, she said,
I never shall love geese more.
The one she kick'd the bottle down,
the other whipt up the glass,
And after she had drank the beer,
she threw it, and cut his face.

There was helter-skelter, the devil to pay,
oh! how the pots did fly;
Just as they were in the midst of the fray,
the child began to cry:
There were clouts and blankets all beshit,
such fights are seldom seen.
I hope it will learn them both more wit,
how they meddle with geese again.

They put it out for three shillings a week,
which is eighteen-pence a-piece,
Which they pay every Saturday night,
in remembrance of the geese.
Come, here's a health to the Country Lads,
I think she was not to blame.
If she has but wit to take care of her twat,
she may pass for a maid again.

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